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author ' s note

Hello everyone! This is Lena!

The first book in our Burning Embers series is written by me.

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P L O T

Darkness is slowly rising in the clans - starting with ThunderClan. Cats start to fall into the darkness, ThunderClan and WindClan included.

As the darkness spreads, ThunderClan is led by an unlikely villain, who is gaining control over ThunderClan and WindClan.

LionClan is just the beginning.

There are things much worse.

Things much much worse to come.

Only if the clans survive this.

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C R E D I T S

- characters do not belong to me

- characters belong to Erin Hunter

- the characters used are canon characters

- this is an alternate universe series

- inspired by a post on Tumblr

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B U R N I N G E M B E R S S E R I E S

1 // LionClan - Rise of Darkness

↳ written by Lena (-akkiko-)

2 // LionClan - Cinderstar

↳ written by Ariel (Ember_glow)

3 // LionClan - Power of Five

↳ written by Azalea (azalea_db)

4 // TigerClan - Half Moon

↳ written by Skye (Dawnskiies)

5 // TigerClan - Tawnypelt's Choice

↳ written by Lena

6 // TigerClan - Light in the shade

↳ written by Azalea

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I hope you all enjoy reading

this alternate universe series

as much as we all did writing

and creating this universe!

love,

Lena, Ariel, Azalea, and Skye

prologue

A dense fog coated the forest as the warm air of green leaf wafted through the twoleg place. Smudge couldn't help but shiver, despite the humid air around him, his pelt prickling. *I've never liked the forest; it's the home of foxes, and badgers and especially cults of cannibalistic cats.* The black and white tom shifted his paws in discomfort, thinking about his old friend, who'd in fact been a victim to the forest cats. *Rusty's been dead for at least twelve moons now,* Smudge's heart ached at the thought of his friend being mauled by the monstrous cats. *Yet I can't stop waiting, hoping he'll come back without a scratch.*

The tom's sadness didn't last long, as a twig snapped in the distance. Smudge's head shot up, his fur standing on the ends. *Could it be one of the forest cats?! Have they come to slaughter me too?* Smudge's claws sunk into the wood of the fence as he watched a flock of crows on one of nearby trees fly away, screeching in fear of someone, Smudge shuddered, or *something.* As the crows quieted and settled, Smudge noticed, with a prick of dread that there was a cat, a large cat padding through the fog, as if he was floating. The tom gulped, peering forward. *Could it just be one of the house cats that got lost?*

Smudge's heart dropped as the cat came closer, and their very familiar ginger pelt was visible. His mouth dried up and the tom began to tremble, a million emotions racing through his his mind. "Rusty?!" Smudge shakily called out, his fur still bristling. The muscular tom halted at the tom's words, as if they'd lashed out at him, and after a few moments, the tom nodded. Smudge was purring so loud he was sure his whole body was vibrating. With a huff, the tom leapt off the shaky fence and bounded into the dark, misty forest, his eyes trained on Rusty. The house cat could feel the rain from the day before on the grass soaking his pelt and paws, but

he couldn't have cared less. *Rusty's really alive!*

As he approached the green eyed tom, he slowed to a trot, nearly slipping on the slick mud under his claws. He was only a few mouse lengths from Rusty now, and he had to restrain himself from burying his muzzle into his friend's pelt and simply drinking in his scent. "Rusty!" Smudge exclaimed, nearly choking on his own purr, "It's me, Smudge! Oh Rusty, Princess will be so happy to-"

Crack

Smudge let out a few ragged gasps as the ginger tom released his jaws from his torn throat, the fresh wound seeping with warm blood, dirtying the grass. With a thud, the black and white tom fell to the ground, his jaw open in a silent scream, and his eyes wide and glassy. After a few moments of choking and thrashing, the tom finally stilled, staring up at the starless sky.

Firestar licked the blood from his jaw, staring disinterestedly down at the dead tom. He turned behind him, beckoning with his tail. Many cats crawled out from the fog, most of their eyes glowing with anticipation. "That's how you are to kill the kittypets. Quick and efficiently. We don't have time to be sloppy, so kill any cat over three moons old, and if they're young kits, take them after killing the molly. Lostface should birth any day now, and she'll nurse them. We need more warriors anyways. "

Behind him, Gorsepaw, a windclan apprentice shifted his paws, his fur rising. "This doesn't seem like something Tallstar would do..." He whimpered, pressing against his sister, Nightpaw who was equally as terrified. A few tail lengths ahead of them, by Firestar's side, Onewhisker whipped his head around, hissing.

"I brought you two along so you could experience what real warriors do. We rid of impure blood." The tom narrowed his amber eyes at the two trembling apprentices, his hackles rising. "Like I stated earlier, if Tallstar hears a peep out of either of you, I'll make sure you two never become warriors, let alone have both your ears. Understood?" The two, scared stiff, nodded and huddled closer together, flattening themselves to the soaked grass.

Firestar nodded curtly at Onewhisker's threat, and turned to the two, his eyes glowing with excitement. "Once Lionclan is formed, Onewhisker will be my deputy, and you two will be my most trusted warriors." The Thunderclan leader turned back around, flicking his tail. "Now, let's get started, shall we?" Firestar bounced to twoleg place, and leapt on the fence, his clan mates racing by him, yowling with triumph.

The tom raised his head, and let out a screech. "Lionclan, attack!"

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Princess let out a soundless, horrified gasp as she watched Smudge's lifeless body fall to the ground, limp and lame, his eyes glassy and unmoving. She couldn't see properly through the green but she was fairly certain that an orange furred cat had killed him.

And it was only a matter of time before the cats noticed her and got to her.

She knew she had to run.

And run she did.

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Princess crouched down in the undergrowth, tail whisking from side to side as she glanced around in terror. She had seen what had happened to Smudge and she didn't want that happening to her. She saw an orange blur, bathed in a pool of white light, amongst the shrubs and trees and her heart leapt to her throat. *Could it be?*

No... he was too kind to kill a cat.

But cats could change... and so could he... right?

But he had no evil bone in his body... right?

The orange became more distinct in the greenery, standing out against all the forest colors.

Fireheart!

She tucked in her paws and flattened her ears and hissed as Fireheart, Onewhisker, Gorsepaw and Nightpaw arrived. The two younger cats were terrified and she felt a pang of sympathy towards them.

She glanced at the ginger tom. "F-Fireheart..." she tried to sound brave but couldn't help the fear worming its way into her voice.

"It's Fire*star* now. Leader of LionClan." Fireheart - no *Firestar* growled.

"I-I saw what happened to Smudge..." Princess trailed off.

Firestar nodded. "I hope that thought you a lesson, *dear sister*."

He said '*dear sister* ' so venomously, Princess couldn't help wonder if actually meant it or if he hated being her brother. She felt a shiver down her spine.

"Wha-what are you going to do to me?" Princess asked, scared.

"You have a choice: either join LionClan as a warrior or refuse and die." Firestar flicked his tail and the remaining three cats surrounded her. "It's up to you."

Princess wanted to survive. She had seen what had happened to Smudge and didn't want the same to happen to her. She had no intention of dying soon. She thought of the possible scenarios: if she joined, she would become a warrior and live. If she refused, well... she would die. That part was obvious.

Join the clan. A tiny voice in her head urged her.

She made her choice.

"I will join LionClan..." she said.

Make demands. Show them that your joining on your *terms*. The voice whispered in her head.

Okay. Princess agreed.

"Good," Firestar said and began to walk away.

"But-"

"But what?" Firestar turned to look at her with irritation.

Princess's insides churned but she kept on going. "But, I will be treated with utmost respect, become the best trained warrior and assassin in the clan and I get to choose my name." She mewed with authority. She felt a feeling of evil and pride undertake her. She wanted to become the best warrior the forest had ever seen.

Firestar blinked, surprised that Princess wanted to join and become the best warrior. "Very well, you will get what you wish. I will be your mentor." His voice rose from one of authority to a purr.

Princess unsheathed her claws, a maniacal expression on her face. She let out a maniacal laugh. "Call me Citrineclaw."

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Fact of the Chapter

Princess was originally supposed to die but someone (Azalea, I am looking at you) wanted her to live so she could do something so here we are with Princess changing her name and joining LionClan.

Also, Princess's warrior name was supposed to be either Dawnclaw, Blizzardfern or Citrinemoon and we chose Citrinemoon and Dawnclaw as our final choices and we made it Citrineclaw cause half of us wanted to make the name Dawnclaw and the other half Citrinemoon so boom! We end up with Citrinclaw!

Author's Note

You peasants have been blessed with two FOTCs. Be glad. Hope you all enjoyed the prologue and bla bla bla. Chapter edited by Azalea cause she is the English genius in this account.

Question of the Chapter

Why do you think Princess started laughing manically?

Is she planning something?

Word Count

1.4k

(don't get excited. Chappies won't be this long 😓 -Azalea)